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## THE PLAGUE OF THE PERSONAL.

CONSIDERING that man is chiefly an immaterial being, it seems a great pity that he should have been clogged for a few short years of his existence with such a thing as a body. It is a sad plague, this body of his, on many accounts. For one thing, at the very first, it is a troublesome thing to transport. At a natural rate of going, four miles an hour is the utmost of its locomotive power. Vehicles of all kinds, from a horse to a steam railway carriage, are attended with monstrous trouble and inconvenience. How different had we been spiritual solely—able, like Ariel, to girdle the earth in forty minutes! Then this same gross structure of ours is so liable to damage. Only think of a railway collision, or the consequences of your horse taking fright in that emblem of your respectability, a gig! Think of what a syncope your soul may experience through a severe bruise or wound—nay, saving your presence, an over-sharp dose from a doctor still in the bondage of allopathy. Think of sea-sickness! That noble thing, the mind, prostrated by a little see-sawing on rough water. Is it not all very vexing? Particularly as you know the body to be such a subordinate and unimportant part of you. What right has so gross and paltry a thing to interfere so much with your comfort, and take so much from your dignity?

Inferior and unessential too as it is, we see such considerations attached to it. While unanimous as to the mind being the only thing worth looking to, not one of us but admires pretty girls and handsome young fellows, according to the sex we be of. The gramineous character of all flesh is a truism, on which all flesh is unanimous; yet what care is universally shown to keep the verdure in its trimmest possible state. With one breath we express our disesteem for this poor tabernacle of the soul—with another we scold the tailor or milliner for some little failure in adorning it. We preach of the beauties of the mind, and exhaust the dentist's ingenuity to preserve one of our incisors. Take the most unworldly-minded of us, and ask his opinion of wooden legs! To men regarding the mind as solely valuable, it should be a matter of indifference whether a limb be of the statutory material or ligneous; yet is there a choice? 'But the original leg is the more convenient.' That is not the reason; but no matter. Take the case of red hair instead. This is as 'convenient' as brown or black, or fair or auburn; but will any one say the point is indifferent? Why, it is such things which determine for some women whether they are to be countesses! And not merely this; but good-looking people have everywhere a chance of being better liked than plain people. They are apt to be popular without any other attractive qualities, and with no trouble on their part; while it usually costs plain people a world of exer-

tion merely to overcome the repugnance which is instinctively felt for them. Does this speak to externals being indifferent? Does it show the body to be of no sort of consequence? Alas! the very contrary. It should not be so; but it is so. The personal comes in to traverse and confound all our ideas of merit. We can't tell whether a man is to be more indebted to scientific attainments or to whiskers; or whether a young lady's prospects are most likely to be affected by her amiable character and good sense, or that peculiar dimple formed near the corner of her mouth when she smiles!

The world proclaims the inferiority of the personal; but I would just ask one question. Did it ever conspire to establish the equal importance of men of five and men of six feet? No such thing was ever heard of. And, accordingly, we see a man of five feet go through the world, a perpetual martyr to the injustice of his fellow-creatures. There is a full abstract admission of his equality; he counts as a 'soul' in population returns and paragraphs about accidents, the same as the six-foot man; he is the same in the eye of the law, pays the same taxes, has alike his epitaph and elegy. But he is never the same in the reckoning of men. The gravest, the most gentle smile at the little man. With the rude he is the theme of perpetual jokes. His choice of a wife is narrowed to the small number of women inferior to himself in stature. Symptoms of self-esteem, which would be passed over unnoticed in other men, appear monstrously ridiculous in him, though he has as good a right to stand well with himself as any giant of them all. Odd notions, or a shrill voice, or whimsical tastes, in his case excite ridicule and give birth to nicknames, where bigger men would escape. In fact, a man of unusually small stature is, from his cradle to his grave, under a difficulty unknown to other men. The dwarfishness is something always to be overcome in the first place, before he can start fair with other men. What is perhaps worst, he is unavoidably sensible of the involuntary demerit, and affected in his most ordinary conduct by a consideration of it. It drives him to do and say absurd things, in the desperate anxiety to get the better of it; and this makes him only be the more laughed at. Verily, the little man knows whether the frail corpus be of much consequence to a human being or not.

The plague of the personal is particularly seen in men whose main function in life is that of exercising the intellect. Men of mind; as I may call them comprehensively, ought not to have bodies at all. Bodies merely impede their operations. It is only the lowest and simplest form of this trouble, that literary men must eat, and that they have families who must eat also. Very sad, no doubt, are the vexations from this cause; alien and unsuitable tasks, hard drudging work, quarrels with grudging publishers. But there are

higher and more sentimental evils which fine souls find still less endurable. The Spectator first remarked the prevalent desire to discover of a distinguished author whether he is a tall man or a short man, handsome or plain, and so forth. It is perhaps eminently natural, but must to many authors be extremely annoying. Seldom is the personal in such cases equal to the mind: often it is homely, blemished, insignificant. For such an author as he of Waverley to have men—ay, and women—coming to get a sight of his poor coil of flesh, and going away, saying, 'What an ordinary-looking man he is! lame too!'—could not, one would think, but be vexing even to that placid being; or if it was not, it ought to have been so. For worship of the mental emanations to show itself in this meddling curiosity about the form of a visage or the line of a complexion, is surely most unworthy. There is the work, most likely expressed from a teeming mind of superior native qualities, and not expressible from anything else—take it as it is, and be content with it; as one of God's good gifts to man—the personal has nothing to do with it. Perish this despicable personal altogether, beside the consideration of the mind's craft, which may indeed not be worth remembering ten years; for fashions change, and one man's good things supplant another's, but yet is *capable* of being preserved through all time.

For such reasons, I have sometimes thought it fortunate for certain authors that they have no biography. For only observe what a biography is. We learn from Pope's that he was crook-backed and spider-like, ill-natured, and over-fond of stewed lampreys. Now, is it not vexing to think of these personal matters attending for ever the name of Pope and the admiration of his writings? How much better to be a Homer, of whom nothing is certainly known whatever! We there worship the pure mind alone—a name, a word, being all that survives besides. This is the only right immortality, because thus only that continues to live which deserves to do so, or which mankind have any concern in seeing live. Shakespeare seems to have been amongst the most fortunate of modern authors in this respect. He is, as I once had occasion to remark before, almost a mythic being. There are his six-and-thirty plays, as sound and fresh as compositors and commentators could allow them to be: all of him that we have any real concern in possessing, we possess; all which he desired to see preserved, is preserved. The rest is fallen into the forgetfulness which befits it. Men will still puzzle after his personal facts—his worldly means, his style of living, his righteousness towards his wife, and whether she married again—but it is almost wholly in vain. A chinkless cloud-veil shrouds it all. Shakespeare has the happiness, as an immortal, to be only SHAKESPEARE! How different for poor Kit Marlow to have the ugly fact of his death in a base brawl ever staring his name in the face! How sad, in comparison, for Otway to be remembered as one choked in hunger by a roll! Literary biography in general is little better than a catalogue of human woes. It really is too bad that these poor sons of genius should both, for the most part, find no seats secured for them at the table where all who will work are fed, but also have their lustrous pages dimmed and blotted by the remembrance of their penurious miseries. Let us starve, they might say; but be our garrets and our rags consigned to oblivion. If there be any dignity to be attached to the product of our pens, let it not be profaned by details of our shabby personal existences.

It would even be better for readers, merely with a

regard to their enjoyment of the writings of the immortals, if there were no such thing as literary biography. Regarding an author as only a Voice, we should have a much greater interest in him and his works than otherwise. Perfectly abstracted from all these sorry particulars as to birth and death, bodily form, good or bad fortune, we should treat his writings more purely according to their merits, and love them for their own sake only. The imagination would in most cases make a much better biography for the author than his actual life could have furnished. In a case, for example, like that of Byron, we should be left free to surmise all kinds of unhappiness that ever were known, and others besides, for the mournful misanthropic spirit which shines through those verses. It would have been like the effect of that deep-cut word which arrests us in pacing the cloister at Worcester—*MISERRIMUS*—word more eloquent than volumes could be. Compared with a biography thus suggested, the *knowledge* that Byron had a maddish mother, that he proved incapable of the domestic virtues, and consequently got into bad terms with British society, and was forced to take refuge in a moody retirement on the continent, is worse than tame; it is destructive of all fine sentiment in the case. It is a strange fatality in us that compels our seeking for these personal details, and reading them in volumes quarto and octavo. We blindly rush to gratify a superficial feeling of the moment, and spoil for ever the deeper and more abiding gratifications to be derived from the intellectual part of the man, if taken unconnectedly with the personal.

It is only another form of the same fatal curiosity which impels many persons to become what are called Lion-hunters. Not content with receiving into their souls the divine thoughts which the gifted have been allowed to utter, they must run hither and thither for an opportunity of beholding the poor personality of the author, with all the blemishes which may rest upon it, so contrarious to the beauty of his intellectual being—to hear him speak, perhaps, and in his tremor murder that English which he discourses so finely with his pen—or to watch him as he eats, and learn that his noble soul is attended by tastes utterly mean and trifling. Surely this is a sad perversity amongst the lovers of the intellectual. Far better it were to remain in ignorance of the paltry personal altogether, and allow ourselves to think of our favourite author only as an abstraction, or, if in any tangible form at all, at the most as the book in which we read his thoughts.

'I have a fancy of my own,  
And why should I undo it?'

These thoughts are almost whimsical, and are half meant to be so; but, after all, they point to a serious truth. The personal is inextricable, in our present form of being, from the mental, and it has, in many circumstances, an apparently exclusive importance. Yet, on all considerations really worth speaking of, the mind is what truly constitutes the man. It is not the tongue which speaks, or the eye that sees; it is the mind. It is not the body which drags us into error; it is the mind. And, accordingly, we may know what pretensions any one has to be a judge of his fellow-creatures, as we observe him tend more or less to estimate them according to material or immaterial peculiarities. The weak, the gross, the frivolous, fasten upon the tangible, and the tangible only. They see but in Pope the waspish little humpback; in Burns only the ploughman. The thoughtful and refined, on the contrary, speak little of

any of these trivial particulars, but expatiate with generous ardour on the Inner Being, whence flow the winged and deathless words, and to which all else is but external and accidental.

## INTEGRITY—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

IN the little front parlour of a private house in one of the small streets of Lambeth sat two females, busily occupied with needlework. One was a thin spare woman, in the decline of life, whose garb proclaimed her to be a widow; the other, a pale delicate girl, over whose brow twenty summers scarcely seemed to have passed. They were silent, and it was evident, from the gestures of the younger, that they were in expectation of a visitor, for her eye glanced ever and anon at a Dutch clock, which ticked audibly in one corner of the room, and her ear anxiously listened to every step which passed the window. It was night, and the single candle which burned upon the round oak table cast its feeble rays upon the simple white dress which they were making, and which seemed to be an object of peculiar interest to both. 'Ah, I well remember, six-and-twenty years ago, making up my wedding-gown,' the elder female at length broke silence by observing; 'and my young heart was then like yours, Lucy, full of hopes and plans for the future; but you know, my child, how those hopes have been disappointed,' she added with a heavy sigh.

'Dear mother,' the maiden interposed, whilst her pale features beamed with animation, 'I think I can scarcely be disappointed in my hopes and expectations, for I have none beyond what may reasonably be drawn from the present position of things. I have already experienced too much of the world's rough usage to entertain any ideas of happiness or prosperity which are not likely to be realised.'

'You have, indeed, my child, been schooled by affliction. At your age I knew not what sorrow was. I thought when I married that I was but entering on a scene of happiness; instead of which, it was my first step towards misery.'

'I trust, however, that your age will be rendered tranquil,' the maiden resumed, looking tenderly in her parent's face.

A well-known step beneath the window here attracted the attention of Lucy; and ere the knocker had finished its office, she was at the street door, with her hand locked within that of her intended husband. They re-entered the room together, and the maiden called his attention to the dress upon which she and her mother had been engaged, playfully demanding his opinion of the taste she had displayed in its fabrication. 'Dear Walter!' she exclaimed in surprise and concern, seeing him turn away with a sickening smile, 'what has occurred to distress you—forgive my levity—you are surely in trouble, or seriously ill?'

'I am not ill, dearest Lucy,' the young man made answer, with a strong effort at composure. 'Don't alarm yourself, my love; something has occurred which has much distressed me, and which must postpone our marriage for a short time; but I will tell you all presently,' he added, as he sunk upon the chair which his attentive bride-elect had already placed for him beside the fire.

'What can be the matter, Walter?' cried Mrs Weldon impatiently; 'I had a presentiment that some evil was in reserve for us.'

Lucy did not speak, but her hands instinctively dropped the robe she had been exhibiting, and her eyes rested anxiously on his countenance.

'You know, dear Lucy,' the lover began, 'that I told you last night that I was empowered by my master to receive the sum of eighty pounds, and that I was flattered by the confidence he reposed in me; judge, then, my distress of mind when, on applying for it this morn-

ing, I was told that it had been paid already; that a young man, representing himself to be a servant of Mr Gratton's, had produced a bill exactly corresponding with the one I presented, and signed his name Walter Ormond. The clerk who had paid the money had, unfortunately for me, taken so little notice of his person, that he could not describe him; and he went as far as to imply that I had made a double demand. The signature was shown to me, and it really so nearly resembled my own, that I could scarcely say that it was not penned by me. I hastened, however, to my master, and stated to him the whole affair, which is so involved in mystery, that my character cannot be fully cleared excepting by the disclosure of the truth. Mr Gratton is too generous unwillingly to suspect my honesty; yet the evidence is so strong against me, that I am sure he must entertain some doubt. I am supported by the acquittal of my own conscience,' he added, 'but I cannot offer you, dearest, a name tarnished by suspicion. A short time will perhaps bring the matter to light, and then it will be my highest happiness to solicit you to bear it, and to share my fortunes.'

As Walter concluded, Lucy, who had listened with an interest the most intense, put her hand within his with a look of confiding tenderness, which touched her lover more than any language could have done: but Mrs Weldon's grief was more noisy; she burst into floods of hysteric tears, which her daughter in vain strove to soothe. Thus passed the evening which poor Lucy had begun so happily; but none—not even her lover—surmised the depth of anguish her gentle heart was called to endure. A suspicion of the most horrible nature had presented itself to her mind, and it was one she dared not breathe, even to the mother from whom she had never before concealed a thought.

Walter Ormond was a lodger in the house of Mrs Weldon; he had not therefore far to retire at the wonted hour of rest. 'Cheer up,' dear Lucy, he said at parting; 'I cannot think that I shall long be permitted to lie under a stigma of this nature. Time will reveal the perpetrator of the fraud, and my character will then be cleared.' Lucy faintly smiled in answer.

'Do, dearest mother, go to rest,' she cried, addressing her parent, when her lover had quitted the room. 'I will sit up for George; he will not be very late, I dare say.' The mother yielded to her intreaties, and she was left alone.

The midnight hour passed, and Lucy still sat occupied with her needle, giving the last finish to her wedding-dress, though it was with an aching heart. Young as she was, Lucy Weldon had, as her mother had said, been schooled by adversity. Her father, by profligacy and intemperance, had brought his family from competency to the lowest depths of poverty, and the industry of his wife and daughter had alone saved them from starvation. His death had been sudden and dreadful, having been caused by an accident which occurred whilst he was in a state of intoxication. But the sad fate of the father had failed to warn his son from pursuing a similar course; on the contrary, the example of the parent seemed to stimulate him to run the same length in folly and vice. Since the decease of Mr Weldon, George had professed to maintain his mother and sister from the profits of a business in which he was engaged; but it was little assistance that he really afforded them, and they were obliged to let part of the house, and still labour hard with the needle, to provide the common necessities of life.

Another hour passed ere the young man made his appearance; but when he came, he offered no apology for his late return. His spirits were so much excited, that he did not notice the expression of unusual sadness which sat upon his sister's countenance. 'I have a present for you for your bridal, Lucy,' he triumphantly exclaimed, displaying as he spoke a little box, containing a handsome pair of gold ear-rings. Lucy turned from him with a sickening shudder.

'I thank you, George,' she with difficulty faltered



forth, 'but I value not such baubles, nor do I know that I shall ever be a bride.'

'Now that is an ungracious way to receive my present,' he observed. 'I thought to see you look very stylish; and I have bought a new watch for myself to grace your wedding also.'

'I tell you that I have no wedding in prospect,' she returned, whilst her heart beat with violence, and her cheek turned to an ashy paleness.

'What can you mean?' interrogated the young man: 'has Walter proved a rascal? If so, he shall feel the effects of my wrath.'

'Spare your threats, George,' his sister interposed; 'Walter is not to blame—he is to be pitied. God only knows who is the perpetrator of the crime.'

'You speak in such enigmas, I really cannot understand you,' George observed; but the eager eye of his sister perceived that his colour changed and his lips trembled.

'Can you say that you know nothing of the matter?' she asked, looking earnestly in his face.

'How should I know, girl?' was his dogged reply.

Lucy's feelings were too poignant for endurance, and she burst into a passion of tears. 'Oh, George,' she exclaimed, 'as you value the happiness of your sister, the peace of your mother, and, above all, the approbation of your own conscience, confess the truth, and do your utmost to make reparation for the fraud you have committed. I surmised it all ere you appeared; and these baubles too surely corroborate my worst fears.'

'Lucy, are you mad?' the young man demanded with feigned astonishment.

'I am not mad,' she returned, 'though the mental torture I have endured for the last few hours has been enough to deprive me of reason; but I am deeply concerned in this matter, upon your account as well as Walter's. He is writhing under the possibility of having his honesty suspected; and you, oh, my brother, you are—you cannot deny it—the guilty person who has brought this misery upon us? Think,' she pursued, finding that he remained silent—'think upon the anguish you have already caused me and Walter; think that you will bring our dear mother in sorrow to the grave, if you persist in the sad course you have of late pursued; think how you will answer at the final day of account for the crimes you have committed; and for my sake, for your parent's, and for your own sake, let me intreat of you to commence a new life.' As she concluded, she rose from the seat upon which she had sunk, and throwing her arms around him, wept convulsively. The young man's heart was penetrated; he could not answer; and when he felt her tears upon his cheek, he could with difficulty repress his own. But these emotions were of short continuance; pride and long-indulged habits obtained the mastery over affection and conscience, and roughly pushing her from him, he fiercely demanded if she intended to become his accuser, and procure him fourteen years of exile. 'Oh, my brother,' Lucy passionately returned, 'you know that it would break my heart to see any evil happen to you, above all, to become your accuser; but the good name of one equally dear to me is at stake, and justice demands that the innocent should be exonerated from the suspicion of crime.'

'What proof have you of the truth of your surmises?' he bitterly interrogated.

'George, George, why will you agonise me thus? Let there be no necessity for me to tax you with the crime; make the confession yourself, and all the restitution you have in your power. Surely you have not yet parted with the money? or if you have done so, you have at least effects to the amount.'

'I have nothing but these ear-rings and my watch,' was his reply, 'and they, together, cost me thirteen pounds.'

'What can you have done with the remainder of the sum?' she asked in breathless agitation.

'I have lost it.'

'Lost it! By what means?'

'No matter by what means.'

'Yes, George, it does matter by what means. I must know whether you were robbed of it by a stranger, or whether, as I have reason to surmise, you have spent it at a gaming-table.' He turned from her, but did not reply. 'My conjecture is but too true,' she pursued. 'Oh, George, for a night of what you call pleasure, you have plunged us all in misery, exposed your person to the penalty of your country's broken laws, and added a dark crime to the catalogue of your offences, for which you know not how soon you may have to answer.'

'Cease to reproach me, Lucy,' cried the young man; 'I am already cut to the quick by my misfortunes; but I shall have better luck to-morrow, and then I will make amends for all. I am really sorry to have put off your wedding.'

'What! would you try to redeem the past by plunging into further vice?' his sister asked. 'No, George, if you have no means of making restitution but by committing another sin, I pray you forbear; I will endure it all. I will promise secrecy, though it will cost me more than I can express to abide by it. I will do anything, if you will forsake the companions who have led you into your present evil course. Will you do this, dear George?' she pleaded, once again twining her arms around him. 'You were wont to love me dearly, when we were children; you used to say that you could refuse me nothing. Let affection, if you have no higher motive, now induce you to comply. I plead for the sake of all who love you, but oh, my brother, mostly for your own sake, for you are injuring yourself most deeply.'

Again the young man was overcome. 'I will promise you, Lucy,' he at length articulated, pressing her to his heart in a close embrace; and with these words he hastened from the room, to the solitude of his own chamber.

With a heavy heart Lucy retired also, but her thoughts were too busily occupied with the dreadful transactions of the day for sleep to visit her pillow. Her mother and lover noticed her unusual paleness at the breakfast hour, and Walter, attributing it to the uneasiness she felt on his account, again strove to cheer her by encouraging hopes of a speedy discovery of the truth, little imagining the distress such a discovery would bring.

'My opinion was always in accordance with the old adage, that "honesty is the best policy,"' cried Walter Ormond one evening, as, with a countenance radiant with smiles, he sat himself beside his gentle mistress, who was, as usual, busily occupied with her needle. 'Don't think me an egotist, dearest Lucy,' he pursued, 'when I tell you that Mr Gratton was so much pleased with the manner in which I negotiated an affair of trust for him yesterday, that he has to-day offered me the travelling department of his business, which will be better for my health than the confinement of the warehouse, and, moreover, yield me a larger salary.'

Lucy, overwhelmed with feelings of gratitude and pleasure, burst into a flood of tears.

'I am more especially pleased with the offer,' the young man resumed, 'because it proves the high opinion my master entertains of my probity, notwithstanding the late occurrence. I know that I have been tested by a strict scrutiny, which, though very painful at the time, has in the end afforded me the satisfaction of feeling that my character is raised in Mr Gratton's esteem. And now, my own Lucy,' he proceeded, taking the maiden's yielding hand within his own, and pressing it with tenderness, 'now there is no further occasion for delaying our marriage.'

As Lucy would on no account leave her widowed mother, and was unwilling to separate her wholly from her son, it had been arranged that the young couple should occupy a floor in the same house, and an early day was now appointed for the celebration of the nup-

tials. Had George, however, dared to express his real sentiments, he would have preferred being left alone, hoping thus to escape the watchful eyes of those who could not do otherwise than feel pained by his conduct, and, above all, to be freed from the affectionate remonstrances of his sister, which he dreaded more than anything beside.

The eventful morning came, and Lucy, when arrayed in her pure white dress, appeared more beautiful than ever to her admiring lover. She took her accustomed place at the breakfast table, and the only difference observable in her countenance was, that her usually pale cheek was slightly flushed with the excitement of the occasion. Mrs Weldon was in good spirits, and George seemed little less pleased than Walter himself. Their only guests were an elderly man who had been intimate with the family for many years, and his youthful daughter, who were to perform the offices of father and bride's-maid. Never did a marriage seem to promise more durable happiness, though it was without the festivities which accompany the nuptials of the high-born and the wealthy. Walter, more from the desire to shield his retiring bride from vulgar curiosity than from pride, had engaged a coach to convey them to the church, and Lucy had just finally arranged her attire, when a vehicle drove up to the door. Ere she stepped forth to enter it, she turned to imprint a kiss of affection on the cheek of that beloved parent who was now about to yield her up to the protection of another, and as she did so, a scuffle in the passage attracted her attention, and caused a dread of she knew not what to so far overcome her, that she sunk almost fainting into her mother's arms.

'What means this tumult?' cried Walter, darting towards the door, which George had opened; but his anger was exchanged for alarm, when he beheld the young man within the firm grasp of two sturdy fellows, who were evidently officers of justice.

'George Weldon is our prisoner,' exclaimed one of them, addressing the inquirer; 'and we have a warrant to search this house.'

'What can this mean?' interrogated Walter, looking earnestly in the countenance of his intended brother-in-law. 'What can you have done to subject yourself to this outrage?'

George did not reply.

'He has only made himself expert at counterfeiting people's signatures,' returned the officer with a laugh.

'Can this be true?' exclaimed Walter in breathless agitation, and the mysterious transaction which had so nearly caused the loss of his own character arose to his recollection as he spoke. George still maintained a dogged silence. The wedding party had by this time congregated at the parlour door, and their appearance denoting the ceremony which was about to have taken place, the men, supposing their prisoner to be the intended bridegroom, rudely commented on the change of scene which had occurred. Interesting them, for the sake of the females, to spare their taunts, Walter now hastened to the terrified Lucy, and endeavoured to dissipate her fears. Mrs Weldon could not believe that her son had been guilty of the crime of which he was accused, and in piteous accents begged of her intended son-in-law to accompany him, and do his utmost to save him from the ignominy of being imprisoned. 'If George can prove his innocence, he has nothing to fear,' pleaded the young man; but a sad presentiment filled his own mind, though he strove to buoy up others with hope.

The house now underwent a thorough search, and within the covers of an old pocket-book, which was found in the chamber of the unhappy young man, a number of pieces of paper were discovered, upon which imitations of signatures had been made. Walter endeavoured to prevent this circumstance coming to Lucy's knowledge; but in vain; and so powerful was the shock her feelings sustained, that she was carried fainting from the scene of tumult to the house of their neighbour and friend Mr. Jones. The grief of the mother was not less

intense; already had she been a severe sufferer from the misconduct of others. Her married life had been a daily martyrdom, yet never had she endured anything so poignant as the present calamity. On Lucy's return to consciousness, she saw the necessity there was for the exercise of firmness on her part, that she might become her parent's comforter; and whilst disrobing herself of her bridal habiliments, and setting aside the few things which served to remind them of the happiness they had that morning anticipated, her mind was busily occupied in endeavouring to form some plan whereby she might serve her still tenderly-beloved, though unworthy brother. Walter returned, without bringing any cheering intelligence. The delinquent had been put into close confinement, there to await his trial at the next sessions.

We will pass over the period of intense solicitude which preceded the trial, and the still more harrowing anxieties which attended that event. Suffice it to say, that every exertion which affection could suggest was made for George. His mother and sister sacrificed almost all the worldly wealth they possessed to provide able counsel, which succeeded so far as to procure some mitigation of the sentence; and fourteen years of banishment was awarded him. In the course of the examination, the fraudulent act committed against Mr Gratton became known; but that gentleman, being aware of the intended connexion between Walter Ormond and Lucy, generously forbore to appear against him for their sakes.

No language can describe the feelings of the wretched family when the sentence was passed, and all hope of acquittal was over. The lacerated heart of the mother could bear no more: she felt a victim to the intensity of her grief, leaving her afflicted and orphan child to the protection of the high-principled young man, whose love had been but further cemented by the disgrace and misery which had overwhelmed them. It was the dying woman's last request, that the marriage of the young people should take place as soon as her remains were consigned to the grave; and happy was it for the sorrow-stricken girl that she possessed one faithful friend in this hour of deep distress. Sad, however, were the feelings with which she laid aside, for one day only, the habiliments of mourning, and arrayed herself in that bridal dress which seemed destined to be worn in sorrow.

Such are the scenes of misery, such is the devastation, a career of vice too often produces. The guilty cannot suffer alone; for one wrong action may bring a train of evils upon the innocent, the extent of which it is impossible to compute.

There was one other gentle breast which had received a wound not less severe than that Lucy had experienced, though it bled in secret. Catherine Jones, the daughter of Mrs Weldon's aged friend, had from childhood regarded George with affection, having, with the wilful blindness of love, drawn a veil over the imperfections of his character. Though no engagement had ever existed between them, she had reason to believe that the attachment was reciprocal, and her young heart had fondly anticipated a future of happiness as his wife. How keen, therefore, was her disappointment when she discovered that his principles were corrupted! But even when he became an outcast and an exile, she withheld not her sympathy, but pleaded his youth, and the evil example of his father, as an apology for the crimes of which he had been guilty.

It was nearly fifteen years subsequent to the period of George Weldon's banishment, that a man in the meridian of life, but whose wasted form, wan aspect, and grizzled hair, bespoke premature decay, stood on the threshold of the house which had once been the abode of the Weldons, and in a tremulous voice inquired if that family still resided there. The young woman to whom the question was addressed, after replying somewhat discourteously in the negative, shut the door abruptly in his face, deeming his appearance too suspicious.

to demand better treatment. George (for it was he) turned from the house which had been the home of his youth with a sickening heart, and bent his steps towards that which had been the residence of his mother's friend, Mr Jones, trusting that he should here at least be able to gain some information regarding his sister. The death of his parent had been communicated to him by letter, and he had also received intelligence of Lucy's marriage, but, from some unknown cause, the correspondence had not been carried on for the last six years. He was therefore fearful lest death might have robbed him of this last tie, and that Walter, desirous of dropping a connection which had disgraced him, had purposely avoided further communication with him. To his unspeakable satisfaction, he found Mr Jones still in his old abode; but time, hardship, and mental suffering, had wrought so great a change in the person of the returned exile, that he was under the painful necessity of making himself known to his former friend.

'George Weldon! Is it possible?' the old man exclaimed, raising his hands and eyes as he spoke.

'Well may you not recognise me, sir; I am indeed altered,' cried the wanderer. 'But tell me, I beseech you, of my sister. Does she live?' The suppressed breath of the inquirer bespoke the intensity of interest he felt in the reply, and it called forth the commiseration of his aged companion, who deemed that the heart in which affection is unextinguished, cannot be wholly lost to virtue, however crime may have debased it.

'She does live, my friend,' Jones exclaimed, warmly grasping the hand of his guest as he spoke, 'and, I am happy to add, in improved circumstances. Her husband is now a partner in the house of business in which you left him a servant, and they consequently left the humble abode your mother occupied in this neighbourhood, for one more commodious, six or seven years ago.'

'Thank Heaven she lives!' ejaculated the brother in extreme agitation.

'And do you not rejoice in her prosperity?' Jones somewhat reproachfully asked.

'I do most fervently,' was the reply; 'but I cannot but feel that this circumstance will separate me more widely than ever from my only remaining relative—the only being I have now on earth to love. Walter Ormond, as the partner of Mr Gratton, must wish to avoid an outcast like me, and this accounts for the long silence which led me to believe my sister dead.'

'It does no such thing, boy. You do Lucy injustice by the supposition. I promise you as hearty a greeting in their handsome new house at Peckham, as if you had found them still living in a back street at Lambeth, like their old friend Jones, for they have mourned you as dead, not having heard from you so long.'

'You afford me unspeakable happiness by that assurance, sir,' George exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears he vainly endeavoured to repress. 'But Lucy ever was an angel, and if her example had influenced me as it ought to have done, I never should have been the wretch I am.'

'Well, we will hope that you will do all you can to redeem past offences by your future good conduct,' Jones soothingly interposed.

'Alas!' replied the culprit. 'I have, I feel, returned to my native land to die. But if I am permitted to breathe my last near to my sweet sister, it is more than I deserve.'

The old man gazed mournfully on the wasted form before him, and felt that the prophecy would but too probably be accomplished. Although on the verge of eighty, his own form was still hale and vigorous, and he grieved over the premature decay of one who might, he thought, have numbered as many years, had he not become amenable to his country's laws.

'You are too weak, and too much excited, to bear a meeting with your sister at present,' he kindly said; 'but you shall, if agreeable to you, stay the night with

me, and I will to-morrow break the intelligence of your arrival to your relatives.'

George thankfully accepted of the hospitable and considerate offer. But a further trial awaited him: he must meet the eye of Catherine, who, her father (unsuspecting of their former attachment) informed him, was still unmarried, devoting the meridian of her days, as she had done her youth, to his comfort and happiness.

'May I ask that you will spare me, by not making my name known to your daughter?' George asked with extreme agitation, which did not escape the notice of his host. Jones promised compliance. But the caution was unavailing; for no sooner did Catherine, who had been absent for a few hours, re-enter the room, than she recognised her early lover. Changed and haggard as he was, his lineaments were too deeply graven on her heart to be erased by time. The romance of youth had, however, given place to the more prudent decisions of maturer years in the breast of the ever amiable and loving, but now firm-minded woman, and, after a brief struggle with her feelings, she was enabled to greet him without the appearance of emotion. The feelings of the conscience-stricken exile were not so easily controlled. The sight of one he had once tenderly loved awakened a thousand reminiscences of a painful nature, and he gladly availed himself of his kind host's invitation, to retire early, that he might, as he said, recruit his strength, and be better prepared for the meeting with his family on the morrow.

They met—the long-banished brother, stained by crime, and branded with ignominy, and the fond, affectionate sister, whom no changes, nor even crimes, could alienate; and the now humbled soul of the outcast poured forth its penitence on that faithful bosom. Time, which had reduced the once fine athletic form of George Weldon to a mere shadow, had wrought no other alteration in Lucy, than that it had ripened her girlish charms into matronly beauty. There was still the same sweet, but somewhat sad expression on her placid countenance; for her present prosperity could not wholly obliterate the remembrance of her early griefs.

The home in which George now found his sister presiding, was, unlike that of her girlhood, the abode of peace and plenty. It was furnished with everything that could contribute to comfort, although nothing superfluous was to be found there. The exile was welcomed with a cordiality on Walter's part, and a tenderness on Lucy's, which he had not dared to hope or expect, but which met with a return of the most lively gratitude. When it was rumoured in the neighbourhood that a brother of Mrs Ormond's had come from abroad, and was staying at her house, in the hope of recruiting his health, it was little imagined that he was the George Weldon who, fifteen years previously, had been arraigned at the bar of justice, and condemned as a felon: but notwithstanding that this circumstance was concealed from the world, the culprit experienced that self-abasement which is the sure accompaniment of guilt. He could scarcely endure to meet the open countenance of his high-principled brother-in-law, conscious, as he could not but be, that Walter's good conduct alone had conducted him to his present competence, and that, having had even greater opportunities, he himself might have been equally prosperous had he pursued a similar course. But for the disgrace and trouble he had brought upon his family, his tender mother might, he thought, be now witnessing the happiness of her deservedly-beloved child: but for his deviation from the path of probity, he might have been the support of her declining years, instead of having been the cause of her death. All these recollections and self-upbraidings, together with his keen sense of shame, operated powerfully upon his naturally sensitive mind, and tended to strengthen a disease which years of toil, privation, and suffering, had brought on. It was his own prophecy, that he had returned to die in his native land; and it proved true. Neither affection nor skill could arrest the progress of the malady, and, after lingering for some months a helpless and hopeless invalid, he breathed his last on the bosom of that



faithful sister whose affection he had so fully tested, and to whom he had been, through life, little else but a source of unhappiness.

Thus perished George Weldon in the meridian of his days, the victim of evil example and his own vices. His dying hours were, however, marked by sincere repentance. Reader, this tale is not wholly fictitious; the crimes and the sad end of its hero are sketched from life, and are here related to hold forth a lesson of warning.

## POPULAR NAMES.

### THE CARMAGNOLE.

THE Carmagnole was the name of a song and dance which became popular during the terrible days of the French Revolution. Expressive of a quick step, lively and animating, the air was a prodigious favourite with the Parisian mobs of that time, who used to call for it from military bands and the orchestras of theatres, and join in dancing to it, singing at the same time the doggerel verses which had been composed for it—some of which are here translated. They evidently bear reference to the first triumphs over the royal family and their friends in August and September 1792 (Monsieur Veto was a nickname for Louis XVI.):—

Madame Veto declared that she  
Would slaughter send through all Paris;  
She lost, as it appears,  
Thanks to our cannoners.  
Let us dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Monsieur Veto did vow that he  
Would to his country faithful be;  
How has he kept his word?  
No quarter—now the sword!  
Let us dance, &c.

Antoinette resolved, good lack!  
To make us fall upon our back:  
She missed; and as we rose,  
She got a broken nose.  
Let us dance, &c.

\* \* \*

I'm a *sans-culotte*, and sing,  
Spite the council and the king:  
Hurra Marseilles—the cause,  
The Bretons, and the laws.  
Let us dance, &c.

We'll remember long and sure  
The *sans-culottes* of the *faubourg*:  
Drink we merrily,  
Dogs of liberty.  
Let us dance, &c.

The singing and dancing of the Carmagnole became the signal of ferocious assaults on authority, and the expression of savage rejoicings over it. On any occasion of excitement on the streets, round the scaffold, even within the walls of the Convention, troops of *sans-culottes* would be seen circling round with beating feet to this tune, with faces full of dreadful meaning. The very prisoners whom suspicion condemned to the risk of a horrible death, no one could say how soon, would cheer themselves with the Carmagnole. '*Dansons le Carmagnole!*' were amongst the most familiar words known in Paris during at least a couple of years. Fashion appropriated the word, and applied it to a peculiar form of blouse, with wide sleeves, worn by the revolutionists, and all those who wished to make a show of their patriotism. Barrère, and some other members of the Convention, also gave the name of Carmagnoles to the measures passed by that body, and to some of the orations delivered from the parliamentary tribune in fanatical phraseology, having reference to the *veto* or opposition of the government, or to the victories of the army. The song and the new-fashioned garment both disappeared with the Reign of Terror.

Our readers may be curious to learn the history of a word so celebrated. Not far from the right bank of the Po, near the city of Turin, there lived, in the year 1405, a youth, aged fifteen, who had earned a good

character as keeper of sheep on the farm where he was employed. No prowling wolf, driven by hunger from the hills, or sowing man-at-arms, whose trade was war and rapine, had ever been able to elude his watchfulness. They had sometimes, it is true, set his courage at defiance, but with a result that made them repent of their temerity, until at last he was known throughout the country as 'the bold shepherd, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone.'

During the time that Francesco was thus tending sheep, war broke out in Italy; a war of parties; and so eager was the struggle for supremacy, that the highways were infested by bands of *condottieri*, troops who hired themselves to the best paymaster, or to the chieftain most ready to accord them sack and pillage in the cities taken by storm. Facino Cane was one of those partisan leaders, who fought indifferently for Venice or Genoa, Milan or Turin, careless whether their banner bore the evangelical lion of St Mark, or the silver cross of Sardinia. At that time no person below the rank of a noble could rise to the command of regular troops; but to be a leader in the companies of Facino Cane, the only qualifications required were a wholesome contempt of danger, and such skill in strategy as might deceive an enemy or decide a victory.

Francesco was sleeping by the roadside on one of those evenings when, in Italy, the declining sun paints the sky in golden splendour, and the fleecy clouds glow with hues as of some far-off conflagration. A man passing by stopped, and commanded the young shepherd to rise; whereupon Francesco opened his eyes and rose to his feet. The stranger regarded him with a scrutinising eye, and said musingly, 'There is a man's stature.' 'And a man's heart,' rejoined Francesco, raising his arm to strike the intruder, who had roused him so unceremoniously. 'I am Facino Cane,' replied the connoisseur of bone and muscle; on hearing which the arm of the shepherd remained suspended for an instant, and then fell unnerved to his side. 'Yes, Facino Cane, who has risen from the ranks in the troops of Visconti, and made himself prince of Tortone and Verceil, because the world belongs to men of heart.' 'In that case,' answered Francesco, 'I have to demand my portion of inheritance from Italy.' 'Here is the key of your ducal castle,' added Facino, buckling a heavy sword to the young man's side, whose eyes sparkled as he followed the soldier-prince in his journeys over the country, recruiting his army with all those who, to the stature of a man, added the desire for military honours.

In 1424, the marriage of the Count of Castel Nuovo with Antoinette Visconti, niece of Philippe Marie, Duke of Milan, was celebrated in the capital of the duchy. The palace *del Broletto*, built for the newly wedded pair, resounded with festive songs; while the blazonry of escutcheons, hanging on the wainscotted walls of the hall of state, showed with what proud titles the sovereign duke honoured a subject in his royal alliance. One commemorated the taking of Placenza, another the surrender of Brescia, a third the siege of Bergamo; on the other side the guests might read, Milan reconquered, and the reunion of Genoa to the ducal crown; while in the centre of a trophy rose, straight and glittering, the great sword given by Facino Cane to the shepherd Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, become successively captain and general, under the name of Carmagnole; and afterwards, by the marriage now spoken of, count and nephew of the Duke of Milan.

Not long after, a man accused of having excited the enthusiasm of his soldiers, of having won the love of conquered people by his moderation in the hour of victory, and of having, in short, injured his master by his high position in the esteem and admiration of foreigners, was seen slowly following the road to Venice. He left behind him the immense wealth he had won, confiscated by the unjust avarice of his sovereign; and without knowing where to find a shelter, he carried nothing but the great sword of Facino Cane, and the ineffaceable glory associated with his name. It is said

that one evening, overcome with fatigue, he knocked at the door of a mean cottage, and being without the means of paying for a lodging, he ventured to mention a name proscribed by the law in support of his request for a shelter beneath the humble roof. The whole family fell at the feet of the great general. The women offered their tenderest cares, the men volunteered unlimited service, and a little child was named Felix Glorioso (Happy and Glorious) on the spot, from having touched, in his play, the hilt of the sword of Carmagnole.

In 1430, there was at Venice a general of fortune, whom princes even, in the service of the republic, considered it an honour to obey. Having escaped the dagger of an assassin, sent by Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, to acquit a debt of gratitude by a murder, the new Venetian general received from the hands of the doge, before the altar of St Mark, the standard and baton of commander, which assured to him the supreme authority over the armies and territory of Venice. This man, loaded with honours and riches, who extended every day the limits of the republic, and consolidated her power, was again Carmagnole.

The 5th of June 1432, the ministers of justice led a man bound and gagged between the two columns of the Piazzetta of Venice. An assistant forced his head down upon the block which stood prepared, and the executioner, with one blow, struck off the head of the sufferer, already half dead with grief and torture. The crime publicly brought against him, was that of having permitted four hundred prisoners of war to return to the cultivation of their fields. The secret accusation was, however, having merited the confidence of the senate, without leaving any room to suspect his fidelity to the republic; and as his influence over the army could not be diminished without falling in the recompense due to him, he was made the victim of an unjust trial, under the impression that there was less of ingratitude in taking his life, than in the exhibition of distrust after all the services he had rendered.

Is it necessary to add that this man, whom tyranny doomed to a traitor's death, but whose whole life had been that of a hero, was the Sardinian shepherd boy, the companion of Facino Cane, the saviour of Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, the protector of Venice; in one word, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, surnamed Carmagnole?

It was originally to celebrate this popular hero that the song and dance of the Carmagnole took their rise in Piedmont in the fifteenth century. Strange with what different associations the name was to be afterwards invested.

#### NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

We have been much interested in the autobiography of Frederick Douglass, a person of colour, lately a slave in the United States, and now a lecturer in the cause of abolition.\* The account he gives of his early life, and the condition from which he was able to relieve himself, bears all the appearance of truth, and must, we conceive, help considerably to disseminate correct ideas respecting slavery and its attendant evils. Some of the passages present a dismal picture of what is endured by the negro race in the slave-holding states of the union.

Douglass was born on a plantation in Talbot county, Maryland, about the year 1808, his mother being a negro slave, and his father a white man—the proprietor of the estate, he has reason to believe. Soon after his birth he was placed under the charge of a negro too old for field labour, and his mother was hired out to a planter at twelve miles' distance. He then only saw her occasionally at night, when she could steal away to visit him for a brief space, in order to be back before sunrise, whipping being the penalty of any such unauthorised

absence. The strength of the maternal feelings may be judged of from the fact of these visits to see her child. She would lie down and clasp him to her bosom for an hour or two, and then depart long ere daybreak to renew her labour in the fields. The poor woman died when her boy was seven years old, and it was long before he knew anything about it.

On the plantation of his uncompromising proprietor, the young slave passed the first years of his life. The principal products raised were tobacco, maize, and wheat, the labour of cultivating which was performed by bands of negroes under overseers, who strictly enforced every regulation with the whip. Having been put to attend on one of his master's sons, young Frederick escaped the more severe labour of the fields, and he had the satisfaction of being seldom whipped; but he tells us that he suffered much from hunger, cold, and other miseries. In hottest summer and coldest winter he was kept almost naked; no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers—nothing on but a coarse tow linen shirt, reaching only to the knees. Neither had he any bed; he lay on an earthen floor, on a sack or any other article he could conveniently secure. Along with the negro children, his companions, he fed at a trough placed on the ground; at these meals of boiled cornmeal, some used oyster-shells, others pieces of shingle, and some only their hands, in place of spoons; and he that ate fastest got most—the whole affair being like a scramble of monkeys.

When between seven and eight years of age, our hero was selected to act as a servant to a daughter of his master, who was married to a Captain Thomas Auld in Baltimore. This was a joyous rise in his condition. Being duly washed and scrubbed, he was installed for the first time in a pair of trousers, and felt himself already a new man. At Baltimore he was treated with unlooked-for kindness, and his duty was so far from being irksome, that it consisted only in taking care of his new master's son, little Thomas Auld. Mrs Auld did not entertain the usual notions respecting slavery, and was disposed to lighten the condition of the dark-skinned boy—she even began to teach him to read.

'Very soon after I went to live with Mr and Mrs Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A B C. After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to spell words of three or four letters. Just at this point of my progress, Mr Auld found out what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. To use his own words, further, he said, "If you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell. A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master—to do as he is told to do. Learning would spoil the best nigger in the world. Now," said he, "if you teach that nigger (speaking of myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a slave. He would at once become unmanageable, and of no value to his master. As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It would make him discontented and unhappy." These words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an entirely new train of thought. It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things, with which my youthful understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain. I now understood what had been to me a most perplexing difficulty—namely, the white man's power to enslave the black man. It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly. From that moment I understood the pathway from slavery to freedom. It was just what I wanted, and I got it at a time when I the least expected it. Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable instruction which, by the merest accident, I had gained from my master. Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a teacher,

\* Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, written by himself. Dublin: Webb and Chapman. 1845.



I set out with high hope, and a fixed purpose, at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read.

Inspired with this ardent wish, young Frederick took every opportunity to learn not only to read, but to write; and only succeeded by dint of many stratagems and much patience. 'The plan which I adopted (says he), and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent on errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome—for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in the neighbourhood. This bread I used to bestow on the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids; not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them, for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country!'

Being now able to read, he had obtained a key by which he could open the treasures of knowledge hidden to the poor unlettered negro population. But the gift of learning brought with it depressing considerations. The thought of being a slave for life bore heavily on his heart; and while yet only twelve years of age, he began to inquire of himself how it should be the fate of some men to be slaves and others freemen. This very puzzling question was at length cleared up by his perusal of a book entitled 'The Columbian Orator,' which he chanced to get hold of. At every opportunity he read this book, in which, says he, 'I found among much interesting matter, a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue exhibited the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect, for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master. In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold that very discontentment which master had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish.'

While in this state of mind, he heard something of

the abolition movement in the northern states. 'I went one day down to the wharf; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a scow of stone, I went unasked and helped them. When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I was. He asked, 'Are you a slave for life?' I told him that I was. The good Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free. I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous. White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters. I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away.'

Meanwhile he learned to write, beginning by imitating the letters chalked on the timber in a ship-building yard. 'After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, 'I don't believe you. Let me see you try it.' I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and asked him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time my copy-book was the board-fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the italics in Webster's Spelling-Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book.' By this time my little master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbours, and then laid aside. By copying these, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.'

After various turns in his condition, he was, by the death of his owner in 1832, transferred to Mr Thomas Auld at St Michael's, where he was exposed to much harsh treatment. This new proprietor affected to be more than usually devout; but this, to the surprise of Frederick, neither made him more humane to his slaves, nor led him to emancipate them. 'Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slaveholding cruelty. He made the greatest pretensions to piety. His house was the house of prayer. He prayed morning, noon, and night. He very soon distinguished himself among his brethren, and was soon made a class-leader and exhorter. His activity in revivals was great, and he proved himself an instrument in the hands of the church in converting many souls. His house was the preachers' home. They used to take great pleasure in coming there to put up; for while he starved us, he stuffed them.'

Neither the religious nor the intellectual culture of the slaves on the establishment troubled this set of worthies; they in fact set their faces against any improvement in the condition of these unfortunate beings. A young man having collected the negroes together on the Sunday evenings to teach them to read the New Testament, the school was broken up by an irruption of the leaders of the class-meetings, armed with sticks and other missiles. 'I have said my master found religious sanction for his cruelty. As an example, I will state one of many facts going to prove the charge. I have seen him tie up a lame young woman, and whip her with a heavy cowskin upon her naked shoulders, causing the warm red blood to drip; and, in justification of the bloody deed, he would quote this passage of Scripture—'He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' Master would keep this lacerated young woman tied up in this horrid situation four or five hours at a time. I have known him to tie her up early in the morning and

whip her before breakfast; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner-time, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash.

Frederick did not please his master, who alleged he had been spoiled by a city life; and, to bring him in as a good field hand, he was transferred for a term to Mr Covey, a great professor of religion, and a person reputed for his abilities as a 'nigger breaker.' He had been at this new home only a week, when he committed the unpardonable crime of allowing a team of oxen with a dray to break away from him in the woods. Catching the animals after several hours' toil, and returning home, he tells Mr Covey what had happened. 'He ordered me to return to the woods again immediately. I did so, and he followed on after me. Just as I got into the woods, he came up and told me to stop my cart, and that he would teach me how to trifle away my time, and break gates. He then went to a large gum-tree, and with his axe cut three large switches, and, after trimming them up neatly with his pocket-knife, he ordered me to take off my clothes. I made him no answer, but stood with my clothes on. He repeated his order. I still made him no answer, nor did I move to strip myself. Upon this he rushed at me with the fierceness of a tiger, tore off my clothes, and lashed me till he had worn out his switches, cutting me so savagely as to leave the marks visible for a long time after. This whipping was the first of a number just like it, and for similar offences. I lived with Mr Covey one year. During the first six months of that year, scarce a week passed without his whipping me. I was seldom free from a sore back. My awkwardness was almost always his excuse for whipping me. We were worked fully up to the point of endurance. Long before day we were up, our horses fed, and by the first approach of day we were off to the field with our hoes and ploughing teams. Mr Covey gave us enough to eat, but scarce time to eat it. We were often less than five minutes taking our meals. We were often in the field from the first approach of day till its last lingering ray had left us; and at saving fodder-time, midnight often caught us in the field binding blades. Made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, Mr Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died, the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute! Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping and waking under some large tree. At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint gleam of hope that flickered for a moment and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream rather than a stern reality.'

We must pass over some distressing details which follow, and take up the narrative of our hero in January 1834, on his removal from Mr Covey to the establishment of Mr William Freeland, a person of a more generous disposition, and without any pretensions on the score of religion. 'This, in my opinion (says Frederick), was truly a great advantage. I assert most unhesitatingly, that the religion of the south is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes, a justifier of the most appalling barbarities, a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds, and a dark shelter under which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal deeds of slaveholders find the strongest protection. Were I to be again reduced to the chains of slavery, next to that enslavement I should regard being the slave of a religious master the greatest calamity that could befall me. For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have ever found them the meanest and basest, the most cruel and cowardly of all others.' Of course, in making these observations, our author wishes to guard his readers against the notion that true piety is an enemy of freedom

and justice; he only means to show how religion is employed as a cloak for every iniquity in the southern states of the union.

Freeland was a humane master, and at the end of the year 1834, Frederick had the satisfaction of being hired by him from his proprietor for one year longer. This permitted him to devote some little leisure time to the cultivation of his mind, and the instruction of the negroes with whom he lived. Along with two of these he contrived a plan of escape, to be aided by passes, which he had the ability to write. The runaways were, however, taken; and after confinement in jail, our hero, very much downcast, was sent to labour in a ship-builder's yard in Baltimore. Here he was shockingly abused by the white workmen, and on one occasion was so much beaten that he had to be removed; and after this, for some time, he was permitted to hire himself out, on the condition that all he made by his labour should be paid over weekly to his owner. 'In the early part of the year 1838 I became quite restless. I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my toil into the purse of my master. When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is this all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents, to encourage me. It had the opposite effect. I regarded it as a sort of admission of my right to the whole. The fact that he gave me any part of my wages was proof, to my mind, that he believed me entitled to the whole of them. I always felt worse for having received anything, for I feared that the giving me a few cents would ease his conscience, and make him feel himself to be a pretty honourable sort of robber.' Discontent at this as well as every other mode of coercion, at length, in September 1838, induced Frederick to attempt once more his escape, in which if he failed, he might reckon on the severest punishment, besides being placed effectually beyond the means of any fresh effort at freedom. Fortunately he laid his plans so well that he succeeded in reaching New York without interruption. The more effectually to escape detection, he changed his name. Hitherto he had borne his mother's name Bailey, which he changed to Johnson on leaving Baltimore; and this he afterwards dropped, to take that of Douglass. At New York he was joined by a young woman from Baltimore, to whom he was united in marriage. The newly-married pair, not thinking themselves safe in this great city, went to New Bedford, a sea-port in Massachusetts. Here the extent of shipping and proofs of wealth astonished him. 'Added to this, almost everybody seemed to be at work, but noiselessly so, compared with what I had been accustomed to in Baltimore. There were no loud songs heard from those engaged in loading and unloading ships. I heard no deep oaths or horrid curses on the labourer. I saw no whipping of men; but all seemed to go smoothly on. Every man appeared to understand his work, and went at it with a sober yet cheerful earnestness, which betokened the deep interest which he felt in what he was doing, as well as a sense of his own dignity as a man. To me this looked exceedingly strange. From the wharfs I strolled around and over the town, gazing with wonder and admiration at the splendid churches, beautiful dwellings, and finely-cultivated gardens; evincing an amount of wealth, comfort, taste, and refinement, such as I had never seen in any part of slaveholding Maryland.'

On the third day after his arrival he procured employment on the wharfs, there being no work too hard or too dirty which he did not gladly undertake. 'I was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry the hod, sweep the chimney, or roll oil casks, all of which I did for nearly three years in New Bedford before I became known to the anti-slavery world.' Having accidentally been led to speak of slavery at a meeting of abolitionists, he seemed to have at length alighted on his proper vocation; and from that time until now he has been engaged in publicly pleading the cause of his unfortunate brethren.

On his quitting America for Europe, a meeting of per-

sons friendly to emancipation took place at Lynn, Massachusetts, where he had resided for the last two years, and unanimously passed the following resolution in his favour:—"That we are especially desirous that Frederick Douglass, who came to this town a fugitive from slavery, should bear with him to the shores of the old world our unanimous testimony to the fidelity with which he has sustained the various relations of life, and to the deep respect with which he is now regarded by every friend of liberty throughout our borders." Mr Douglass is now we believe in Great Britain, lecturing on the subject of slavery, and we should suppose few could be more capable of depicting the horrors of that great national iniquity.

#### ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN.

THE Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, in the canton of Berne, is one of those lofty seats of perennial snow which used to be considered as defying the foot of man to approach their summits. A few years ago, the Jungfrau, one of these peaks, was ascended by a party, including our countryman, Professor Forbes of Edinburgh. More recently, three Swiss naturalists surmounted the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, leaving a flag flying on the summit, to the wonder of chamois-hunters and guides. Since then—in the summer of the past year—a young English gentleman, named Speer, accomplished the ascent of the Wetterhorn, which, like the Shreckhorn, had been deemed utterly inaccessible. And this was the more remarkable as an enterprise, that it was performed fully a month earlier in the season than any other of the great ascents of the same character. Under the sanction of Mr Speer, we here abridge a narrative of his adventure, which he drew up immediately after its conclusion, and which has already appeared in a periodical work of more limited circulation than the present.

Having first reached the Grimsel, a height of 6570 feet, on the southern slope of the great chain of the Bernese Alps, 'a conversation,' says Mr Speer, 'was held between the host (a hardy old mountaineer), myself, and three of the guides, as to the proceedings to be adopted, and also as regarded the probable result of the undertaking. This terminated satisfactorily. Two of the boldest, J. Jaun and Caspar Alphenthal, volunteered to accompany me, and as both one and the other had trodden the summit of the Jungfrau, I instantly placed all confidence in them; and leaving them in company with my former guide to prepare for our expedition, I retired early, knowing that the ensuing night would necessarily be spent on the glacier of the Aar—a locality not very favourable to repose. The morning broke without a cloud, and I found the three mountaineers fully equipped with hatchets, ropes, crampons, long poles shod with iron, blue veils, &c. not forgetting provisions for two days, and the flag which we fondly hoped should bear testimony of the forthcoming exploit. On leaving the Grimsel, our course lay among fallen rocks, up a desolate valley, bounded on the left by the Leidehorn, and on the right by the Juchliberg and the Broniberg. This valley (situated about 7000 feet above the Mediterranean) appeared gradually to enlarge, and we perceived its further extremity to be closed from side to side by a wall of dingy-looking ice, rising vertically between two and three hundred feet in height: this was the termination of the glacier of the Aar. Having attained the summit of this wall, by scaling the rocks on its border, we perceived the vast glacier of the Aar itself spread out before us for many miles, and surrounded by the gigantic peaks of the Finsteraarhorn, Shreckhorn, Oberaarhorn, Vischerhorn, and Lauteraarhorn, the former rising to the height of 14,000 feet; the remainder ranging between 11,000 and 13,000 feet above sea-level. Following the course of the terminal moraine, we reached the pure unadorned surface of the glacier itself, which we now found thickly spread with crevasses, all running parallel with each other: the majority of these being filled with snow, considerable caution was necessary in sounding them with the poles, previous to trusting the body to so frail and deceptive a support. Proceeding thus along the centre of the glacier for three hours, we arrived oppo-

site the little hut constructed for M. Agassiz, in order to enable him to carry out more fully his experiments on the increase and advance of the glaciers. Situated fully 300 feet above the level of the ice, it is in a great measure sheltered from the fall of avalanches and from the effects of those hurricanes and snow-storms to which these elevated regions are so liable. The sun was now gradually declining, the innumerable ice-bound peaks and glaciers being lit up by its last rays, until the whole chain presented the appearance of burnished gold. This magnificent spectacle suddenly ceased, and every object resumed its ghastly bluish tinge, as the shades of night shut them out from our view, merely leaving the white outline of the nearer peaks discernible.

'We now attempted to obtain a few hours' sleep, after taking every possible precaution to guard against the severe cold: in this latter we partially succeeded. Sleep, however, was tardy in its approaches, the novelty of the situation being too exciting. Towards midnight several vast avalanches fell, with the roar of the loudest thunder, on the opposite side of the glacier. This was quite sufficient to banish all drowsy sensations; we were soon, therefore, on foot, preparing in earnest for the anticipated seventeen hours of successive climbing over snow and glacier. The first point to be accomplished was the descent to the surface of the glacier, into the recesses of which (owing to its disrupted condition) we found it necessary to penetrate, finding ourselves at the bottom of a well, round three sides of which walls of ice rose almost vertically. Up these walls it was necessary to ascend, in order to effect our exit from our cold dismal prison. Jaun, our guide *chef*, commenced cutting out steps in the ice, and in a short time we all emerged from our retreat, and stood safely on the glacier of the Lauteraar, at its junction with that of the Finsteraar. The former descends from the Shreckhorn and Col de Lauteraar; the latter from the Finsteraarhorn and its attendant peaks.

'Our course was now directed across the glacier towards the Abschwang, along the base of which we cautiously proceeded, the ice at this early period being dangerously slippery. The doubtful crevasses were sounded, and the yawning ones avoided as far as possible. These at length (on our attaining an elevation of 9000 feet) ceased in a great degree, and the surface of the glacier appeared covered for miles in extent with a thick coat of unsullied and unbroken snow; whilst in front of us, and fully three hours' march distant, rose the Col de Lauteraar, 10,000 feet in height, hitherto considered impracticable. Its brilliant white crest being cut out in the strongest relief against the deep blue sky, tempted us into the belief that it was close at hand: we soon, however, became aware of our inability to calculate distances in regions where the vast size of the surrounding objects, combined with the peculiar light reflected from the snow and glaciers, baffle any such attempt. For hours we continued surmounting long slopes of snow, sinking at every step half-way to the knee; and as yet no visible decrease of distance appeared. At length we reached the first range of those great crevasses usually found at the foot of the steepest ascents: among these it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution: the whole party were lashed together, and we threaded our way through this labyrinth of blue and ghastly abysses to the very foot of the redoubted Col de Lauteraar, which now rose quasi-perpendicularly far above our heads for many hundreds of feet, whilst on its ridge we perceived a mass of overhanging snow, which, from its threatening aspect, caused us great uneasiness; in fact, a more formidable or apparently inaccessible barrier could scarcely be witnessed. It was, nevertheless, necessary to surmount it, and the question now was, how is it to be done? At our feet lay a large crevasse, on the opposite side of which the wall of snow rose immediately, not leaving the smallest space on which to place the foot. Our head guide, however, nothing daunted, by means of his long alpenstock succeeded in excavating a hole in the snow, into which we might jump without much danger of falling into the yawning gulf below: he first crossed, and extending his baton to assist the next comer, I seized the



friendly aid, and jumped. The snow, however, gave way, and I remained suspended over the abyss, grasping with all my strength the extended pole: from this perilous position I was instantly rescued; and the rest of the guides having crossed in safety, we found ourselves clinging to the wall of snow which constitutes the southern aspect of the Col.

The ascent now commenced in earnest, the first guide having been relieved by the second in command, who (hatchet in hand) assiduously dashed holes in the snow in which to place the hands and feet. The steepness of the Col being such, that the necessary inclination of the body forwards, which all ascents require, brought the chest and face in close contact with the snow, the excessive brilliancy of which, notwithstanding our blue glasses and veils, proved singularly annoying. In this critical position, our progress upwards was of necessity very slow, the advance of the foot from one step to the succeeding one being a matter of careful consideration, as a slip, the least inclination backwards, or even giddiness, must inevitably have proved fatal to one or other of the party. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the hardy mountaineers, the summit of the Col was at length attained, five hours after our departure from the night encampment. For some time previous, our sphere of vision had necessarily been limited by the interposition of the Col de Lauteraar; its crest, however, being attained, we beheld a great portion of Switzerland stretched out like a map far below, whilst on either side rose the summits of those gigantic barriers which bound the valley of Grindelwald. On the left the great and little Shreckhorn and the Mettenberg, and on the right the object of our ambition, the three peaks of the Wetterhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Mittalhorn, and Rosenhorn: below us lay the fields of snow which descend from these summits, and crown the superior glacier of Grindelwald.

It was now deemed necessary to descend a portion of the opposite side of the Col we had just surmounted, previous to arriving at the foot of the great peak, which appeared to rise in close proximity to the height of 2150 feet above the plateau of snow on which we stood, and which in itself attained an elevation of 10,000 feet. We now began our descent, which, although not so steep as our previous ascent, was perhaps more terrifying, the precipices of ice and snow, together with the wide crevasses thickly spread at their feet, being constantly before the eyes. Great stress being laid on the ropes and hatchets, this descent was in turn safely accomplished, and we again began to ascend slope after slope of snow (at times threading our way with much difficulty among the gaping crevasses, all of which presented the appearance of the deepest azure), our course being directed towards the base of the superb central peak known as the Mittalhorn, which now towered above our heads; apparently a huge pyramid of the purest ice and snow. To me it appeared so impossible to scale it, that I ventured to inquire of the guides whether they expected to attain the summit; to this they replied, that they assuredly did so. I therefore held my peace, thinking myself in right good company, and the south-western aspect of the peak being deemed, to all appearance, the most practicable, we began the arduous task of scaling this virgin mountain. The ascent in itself strongly resembled that of the Col de Lauteraar described above: its duration, however, being longer, and the coating of ice and snow being likewise more dense, the steps hewn out with the hatchet required to be enlarged with the feet preparatory to changing our position. In this singular manner we slowly ascended, digging the left hand into the hole above our heads, left by the hatchet of the advancing guide, and gradually drawing up the foot into the next aperture; the body reclining full length on the snow between each succeeding step. In this truly delectable situation our eyes were every moment greeted with the view of the vast precipices of ice stretching above and below; impressing constantly on our mind the idea that one false step might seal the fate of the whole party: connected as we were one to the other, such in fact might easily have been the case. We had now been three hours on the peak itself, and the

guides confidently affirmed that in another hour (if no accident occurred) we should attain the summit: the banner was accordingly prepared, and after a few minutes' repose, taken by turning cautiously round, and placing our backs against the snow, we stretched upwards once more, the guides singing national songs, and the utmost gaiety pervading the whole party at the prospect of so successful a result. The brilliant white summit of the peak appeared just above us, and when within thirty or forty feet of its apex, the *guide chef*, considerably thinking that his employer would naturally wish to be the first to tread this unconquered summit, reversed the ropes, and placing me first in the line, directed me to take the hatchet and cautiously cut the few remaining steps necessary. These injunctions I obeyed to the best of my abilities, and at one o'clock precisely the red banner fluttered on the summit of the central peak of the Wetterhorn.

We had thus, after three days' continual ascent from the level of the plain, attained a height of 12,154 feet. Up to this period our attention had been too much occupied in surmounting the opposing obstacles which lay in our route, to allow us to contemplate with attention the astonishing panorama which gradually unfolded itself. The summit being under our feet, we had ample leisure to examine the relative position of the surrounding peaks, the greater portion of which appeared to lie far beneath us. To the north we perceived the Faulhorn and the range of mountains skirting the lake of Brienz; behind these the passage of the Brunig, together with the lakes of Lungern and Lucerne, on the banks of which rise the pyramids of the Righi and the Mont Pilate, the summits of which (the boast of so many tourists) appeared as mole-hills. Towards the east the eye wanders over an interminable extent of snow-clad summits, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon—a perfect ocean of mountains. Turning to the south, however, we there perceive the monarchs of these Bernese Alps rising side by side: the Rosenhorn and Berglistock raise their snow-clad crests in close proximity; separated from them by the Col de Lauteraar, we perceived the rugged Shreckhorn, aptly denominated the Peak of Terror; whilst the loftiest of the group, the Finsteraarhorn, appears peering among his companions. To the right of these two peaks the brilliant Vischerhorn next came into view, beyond which we discover the three celebrated sister summits of the Eiger, the Mounch, and the Jungfrau; the whole group exceeding the height of 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic masses lies the Wengern Alp, apparently a mere undulation; whilst far below, the outline of the village of Grindelwald may be faintly discerned, the river Lutchinen winding, like a silver thread, through the valley. On all sides of the peak on which we now stood (on the summit of which a dozen persons could scarcely assemble) we beheld vast glittering precipices; at the foot of these lie the plains of snow which contribute to the increase of the numerous glaciers, situated still lower; namely, to the left the superior glacier of Grindelwald and that of Lauteraar, to the right the glaciers of Gauli, of Reufen, and of Rosenlaui, out of which rose the peaks of the Wellhorn, the Tosenhorn, and Engelhorn.

Many anxious looks were now cast in this direction; the guides having determined to reach Rosenlaui through this unexplored region. We had remained above twenty minutes on the summit, exposed to a violent wind and intense cold; although in the plain, on that day, the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at 93 degrees in the shade. The sudden appearance of a few fleecy clouds far below caused us some misgivings; we therefore (after firmly securing the flag-staff) commenced our descent on the opposite side of the peak to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow surmounting the great glacier of Rosenlaui. From the excessive steepness of this slope, and the absence of crevasses, it was deemed advisable to sit and slide down the snow, guiding our course with the poles. In this manner we descended with the greatest rapidity to the plateau. Here again great caution was required, many of the crevasses being covered with a slight coating of fresh snow, incapable of

sustaining the weight of the human body. After crossing this plateau, we arrived at the foot of the Tosenhorn. This is a lofty peak, situated at the junction of the glaciers of Rosenlauri and Reufen, which at this point become identified with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorn. This region being a *terra incognita* like the preceding, our advance was slow and wavering; and on the descent of the Tosenhorn, the difficulties appeared rather to increase than diminish—the loose rocks and stones covering the southern aspect of the peak, receding continually from under the feet and falling in showers over the precipice; below which, at a fearful depth, we could discern the deep blue crevasses and bristling minarets of the glacier of Rosenlauri. Quitting the rocks, we again found ourselves on slopes of snow so vertical, that for a long period of time it was necessary to descend backwards, as if on a ladder, the hatchet being in full play. At the foot of one of these slopes the snow broke suddenly away, leaving a crevasse apparently about four yards in width, the opposite border of which was fully twenty feet lower than that on which we stood. This at first sight appeared insurmountable, the guides themselves being bewildered, and all giving advice in one breath. We were at this time clinging to the slope of snow, over the very verge of the blue gulf below. Jaun at length volunteered the hazardous experiment of clearing it at a bound: this he accordingly did, arriving safely on the inferior border. The ropes being detached, the remainder of the party mustered resolution, and desperation giving fresh courage, we all in turn came flying across the crevasse upon the smooth snow below. Our successful triumph over this alarming obstacle having greatly inspirited us, we prepared to cross a narrow slope of ice, on which our leader was diligently hacking a few steps. A sudden rumbling sound, however, arrested our attention; the rear guides drew the rest back with the ropes with violence, and the next moment an avalanche thundered down over the slope we had been preparing to cross, leaving the whole party petrified with horror at the narrowness of their escape. The clouds of fine snow in which we had been enveloped having subsided, we again descended, during three hours, a succession of steep walls of ice and snow, reaching the glacier of Rosenlauri at five o'clock p.m. The passage of this glacier resembles in every respect that of the far-famed Glacier de Bossons on the Mont Blanc, the crevasses being so numerous as to leave mere ridges of ice interposed between them; and these ridges being the only means of progress, the eye was constantly exposed to the view of the surrounding gulfs of ice which at every step appear ready to swallow up the unfortunate individual whose presence of mind should fail, whilst the pinnacles of ice rising overhead often totter upon their unsteady foundations. In our present fatigued condition, the passage of the glacier was indeed highly perilous. The extreme caution and courage of the guides fortunately prevented the occurrence of any serious accident, and at eight p.m. we bade a final adieu to those fields of snow and ice-bound peaks over which our course had been directed for seventeen consecutive hours. All danger was now past, and the excitement having ceased, the tedious descent over rocks and fallen pines became insufferably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlauri were still far below at our feet, whilst the sombre hue of the pine forests, stretching down into the valley, formed a striking contrast to the uninterrupted glare of so many previous hours. Night was now gradually throwing its veil over the surrounding objects; the glimmering of lights soon became visible; and at nine p.m. we all arrived safely at the baths of Rosenlauri, where for several hours considerable excitement had prevailed—the flag fluttering on the summit of the peak having been discovered by means of a powerful telescope. Four small dots had likewise been noticed at an immense height on the otherwise unsullied snow, which dots having been likewise seen to change their position, the inhabitants of the valleys wisely concluded that another of their stupendous mountains was in a fair way of losing its former prestige of invincibility.

On the following morning I took leave of the two

intrepid chamois hunters, to whom on several occasions during the previous eventful day I had owed my preservation. I was shortly afterwards informed that these poor fellows, though so hardy, were confined by an illness arising from the severity of their late exploit. For myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long an exposure to the snow in these elevated regions; namely, the loss of the skin of the face, together with inflammation of the eyes, and, accompanied by my remaining guide, who was likewise in a very doleful condition, we recrossed the Great Shiedeck, arriving at Interlachen the 10th of July.

## FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. II.

*Stukely*.—You have been in the north lately, I think: did you come or go by way of Edinburgh?

*Gilaroo*.—Yes; what of that?

*Stuke*.—Oh, only I wished to know if you chanced to see a particularly splendid edifice, in the old English style, getting up near Edinburgh—the finest building, I believe, now erecting in the United Kingdom; will cost, I am told, something like a hundred thousand pounds.

*Gil*.—Well, I think I do recollect something of the sort; some nobleman's residence, I suppose; a splendid situation it occupies, west of the town.

*Stuke*.—Quite right as to situation, but wrong as to its objects. Why, it is an hospital for educating and boarding poor children—a munificent endowment of an old printer named Donaldson, who died some twenty years ago. There are so few instances of such considerate benevolence, that one cannot but honour the memory of so good a man.

*Gil*.—Avast there, as Tom Pipes would say. Considerate benevolence with a vengeance! More likely a piece of vanity in the old gentleman. Does it not strike you that this practice of rearing poor children by the hundred in magnificent palaces, quite at variance with their prospects in life, is exceedingly absurd? If the wish were to rear monks, I could understand the principle of the thing; but why children who are to mix in the world should be taken from under their parents' direction and culture, and brought up in seclusion in large houses, where they have neither industrial exercises nor domestic training, and at best only get some book instruction, is past my comprehension.

*Stuke*.—You surprise me. I always thought these hospitals among our most admirable institutions. The benefits they confer by relieving parents in meagre circumstances from the great cost of educating children, are too well known for me to say anything about them.

*Gil*.—A mistake, my dear fellow—all a mistake. You are wandering in the dark ages of twenty years ago. Since that remote period, the world has got quite new lights on the subject of rearing and educating children; and, what you will think curious, they have gone back to nature for principles. It is now a settled point—that is, settled among all but the no-reading, no-thinking very respectable personages who go on dreaming of the past—that children can never be so well brought up as within the pale of the institution pointed out by nature—to wit, the family home, or at least in private educational establishments in which something like fireside training—the training of the affections—has a place.

*Stuke*.—Then what would you do with all the endowed hospitals for youth?

*Gil*.—Either turn them into day schools, or infuse into them the principles of an education which would develop the whole faculties and feelings of the pupils. Some might be advantageously abolished, and their funds devoted to general purposes of education.

*Stuke*.—You would not certainly meddle with hospitals for the aged and infirm?

*Gil*.—Not quite sure. I rather think that, in most instances, endowed almshouses, asylums, and all that kind of thing, are got up very much as monuments of posthumous vanity. However, that is neither here nor

there as to the main question. The worst feature of these institutions is, that the people who go into them must feel, to a certain extent, that they are pauperised—that they are objects of a bounty doled out in the eye of the public. Now, I would prefer sheltering them from this indignity. Instead of cramming a lot of old men and women into a big house, called an asylum, or into a row of small edifices, called almshouses, I would give each poor person an allowance of so much per annum to go and live where he liked. His pittance might be of consequence in providing a decent home in the house of a brother, sister, or other relative; or he might select a cheap place of residence in the country, visit his friends occasionally, and perhaps eke out his income by some trifling employment. Among the other advantages of this plan, there would be a saving of a house, also of salaries to governors, physicians, chaplains, domestics, door-keepers, and so forth. I see it mentioned in the newspapers, that the late Sir Gabriel Wood has bequeathed the princely sum of £30,000, to be expended in the erection and maintenance of an hospital in Greenock for the reception of the aged, infirm, and disabled seamen of that port. This bequest will doubtless do much good; but it would do a great deal more if the cost of erecting and maintaining a fine mansion—perhaps an eight or ten thousand pound affair—were not to be abstracted from it.

*Stuke.*—You do take such queer notions.

*Gil.*—Perhaps so; I don't insist on my plan being the right one in all cases. There is no rule, you know, without exceptions; I would only have the subject reconsidered by those who think of leaving money for beneficent purposes. The subject indeed has another side: it may be a question whether bequeathed money ever does the good expected from it, leave it any way you like. Whereas, if men were to be liberal during their lives, instead of after death, they would not only make sure of doing good in a right direction, but reap all the pleasure of being benevolent. Is there not something melancholy in contemplating the death of the unfriended rich? Picture to yourself an old wealthy man, for whom no one entertains either respect or affection; see him reclining on his death-bed, with no single consolation but that of owning fifty thousand pounds. But what if it were fifty times fifty thousand? It can give no new lease of existence, allay no pain in his condition, purchase no real pleasure, ensure no happiness. Its possession is probably a trouble: how he should leave it is an annoyance. After pondering on all sorts of schemes, he fastens on the idea of endowing an hospital; and this becomes to him a kind of substantiality in his dreams; as he sinks unfriended to his rest, the vision of a building which shall rise a proud memorial of his charity floats in his dying brain. Well, at length the building is erected, but before the last stone of it is laid, the testator is a mass of clay, and nobody thanks him for his alma. He cheated himself with a fancy. 'Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?'

*Stuke.*—Very gloomy view of affairs I must confess; why, what would you be at?

*Gil.*—I only want to see people act with a little foresight, and do their duty while they may. Have you ever read Carlyle's Past and Present?

*Stuke.*—Yes—no: I have tried, but it is too mystic and high-flown for my poor faculties.

*Gil.*—Carlyle is seldom anything but mystic. It is in him, I suppose, and he cannot help it. Yet in his mysticism there are often gleams of strong original thought. I like originality. I like to see men think for themselves, and not go droning on upon the same set of tunes, like a barrel organ, generation after generation. Carlyle is one of these dashing original thinkers and writers. He tells his mind, and that I take to be a great point. He also tells people pretty freely as to their failings. One of his sayings struck me: it is 'that every man should find his work, and do it.'

*Stuke.*—I see nothing in that; everybody is bound to follow his calling.

*Gil.*—That's just what I expected you would say. Carlyle's meaning goes deeper than a man's professional labours. He implies that every one among us should cast about for some kind of work in which he can make himself useful to his fellow-creatures. One man has a gift for this, another has a gift for that; one can give much valuable assistance, for example, as to the getting up a useful class of schools, and another can be of material service in improving the health of towns. Sometimes the 'work' may consist in only giving a little countenance and advice; at other times it may depend on personal exertions; in another class of cases it may be necessary to expend some money; and at the very least it will consist in giving good wishes and no opposition towards schemes of general benefit, which the more enterprising are willing to undertake. The other day I heard of a case in point:—A gentleman and his wife, without family, and having a fortune equal to their wants and wishes, became tired of living in London, where they had little else to do but amuse themselves. Reflecting on how they could lead a life not only more useful, but more agreeable to their feelings, they resolved on removing to the west of Ireland—the last place which most people in their rank would have thought of. They removed thither accordingly, took a house in a poor village, and commenced a career of active benevolence. Not discouraged by accounts of others having failed to improve the condition and habits of the Irish peasantry, they set about a persevering course of social melioration. For one thing, they established a school for teaching girls sewing and household work; and it is amazing what good this in time effected. Formerly, the people in the village and neighbourhood had gone about in rags; the women seldom mended anything, and the cottages were dirty and wretched. Now, not a torn or ragged garment was to be seen; buttons were sewed on as soon as they fell off, and the clothing generally exhibited quite an altered appearance. The houses also were better kept; pigs were turned out of doors; and the freestres had for the first time an air of neatness and comfort. All this of course took some years of incessant labour; petty vexations had to be endured, and much opposition at first to be encountered. But a spirit of genuine practical benevolence overcame all difficulties, active and passive; and the gentleman and his lady had ultimately the gratification of seeing their schemes successful. What may be the degree of pleasure they derive from reflecting on the good they have done, I leave any one to judge. Can their permanent satisfaction of mind be for a moment compared to the fleeting pleasures of an idle fashionable existence—a mere fiddle-faddling in drawing-rooms? And yet thousands never venture a thought beyond enjoyments of this transitory kind. I would not, certainly, recommend all the world to rush away to Ireland, like the hero and heroine of my anecdote, although many might do worse. Persons willing to do good to their fellow-creatures may find plenty scenes of enterprise, plenty things to do at their own doors. And to do so, is what is implied by a man's finding his work, and doing it.

*Stuke.*—Well, if it be all that, I think there is plenty of it just now. Every one seems to be running after everything but what he has any express call to interfere with. And what a struggle people have to appear what they are not! I am sure many mistake their own dignity and importance in trying to play second fiddle to others, for they only get laughed at for their folly. Cobden, the other day, I observe, gave a smart rap over the knuckles to those who build their greatness on this false foundation. 'I know a case (said he) exactly in point. In Cheshire there is a young man, the son of a wealthy manufacturer, who is exceedingly fond of hounds and horses, of hunting and sporting, and whose greatest ambition it is to ape the manners and keep the company of the neighbouring squires. He is the darling of his mother, who encourages him in all his extravagant expenses, on the plea that he is such a credit to the family, and keeps such good society—to



say nothing of the five or six hunters which he keeps besides. Well, this young gentleman was lately riding along the road with a certain friend of mine, a nobleman, and a hunting squire. On coming to a turn of the road, he thought that he would be able to make a steeple-chase ride across the fields, instead of going round; and when he was gone, my friend inquired who was the young fellow with such capital cattle; when the squire replied, "Oh, he's only one of them cotton chaps off the hills." Now, if any of the cotton lords of Preston have the same ambition as the Cheshire cotton chap, let them think of what was said of him behind his back. The squires, although just before they may have been drinking your wine, will say of you, "He's only a cotton chap from Preston." They won't know anything more about you. It is always a great mistake for a man to attempt to set up for what he is not. For what he is, he is something; but as a mere sham, he is nothing. A cotton-spinner is somebody while he sticks by his order; he has in that both rank and respectability. It is through such as he that Manchester has become a great and important town in the estimation of statesmen and in the eyes of the world; and that greatness was acquired only by the Manchester manufacturers setting up for themselves and forming an order of their own. It is to them that we owe the institutions and Athenæum which have made Manchester celebrated. Now, I take this not to be a bad hit.

*Gil.*—Of course it is; and I would add, that the man who follows his profession, is precisely the person who can be of most use in helping others. You talk of people running about doing things out of the ordinary track. Though not fond of betting, I will take any odds that if you investigate this very curious matter, you will find that it is chiefly the very busy who are concerned in all the out-of-the-way pieces of duty. I have always remarked this. Those who have plenty of time, and plenty of means, seldom do anything. Who are those who act as magistrates, as members of hard-working committees, as bustlers about on all occasions when any good work is on hand? Not the men who have nothing to do; not those who find a difficulty in killing time; but persons who have already nearly every moment filled up—who have perhaps twenty to thirty letters to answer daily, and who habitually give close consideration to private business of the most important kind. I have seen so much of this, that when I want any one to lend assistance in some useful public duty, I never go to the idle and leisurely—I always seek out the man who has so much to do that he scarcely knows which hand to turn to.

*Stuke.*—That seems about as paradoxical as the art of putting a quart into a pint bottle. I am for every person minding number one. Charity begins at home.

*Gil.*—Yes, but does not end there. No doubt men may sometimes do harm by their meddling. We must always take judgment along with us, and act accordingly. I am disposed, for instance, to think that there is far too much fuss made about improving the condition of the working-classes, so called.

*Stuke.*—I am all amazement! You who have always spoken in such a friendly strain of the working-classes!

*Gil.*—It is because I am their friend that I say what I say. Although an advocate for every one helping in the general cause of humanity, not only as a matter of duty, but from the pleasure to be derived from doing good, I am equally an advocate for all making the very best effort to help themselves. Self-exertion and self-dependence are unquestionably our portion. Nature, in my opinion, never intended that all the thinking should be done by a few, and that all the rest of mankind should act as puppets under them. Every man has brains as well as hands, and to impose no labour on these brains is far from wise. This is, however, what clap-trap writers on the working-classes seem inclined to do. Instead of recommending working-men to use their thinking faculties, to cultivate self-denial and self-respect, to make every reasonable effort to improve their means

and opportunities, they appear to wish them to remain passive—work, but not think; for everything that can improve their condition is to be left to the contrivance of the parties charged with looking after and thinking for them. Don't you see that this is not exactly as it ought to be, and is in some measure contrary to common sense? I think I pay the working-classes a much higher compliment when I tell them they have as good brains amongst them as are to be found in any other department of society, and that they have only to cultivate and exercise these brains, and act in unison with others who are desirous of aiding them, in order to remedy all imperfections in their habits and condition.

*Stuke.*—For my part I don't see that anything keeps down the working-classes but their intemperance. Cure that, and they will be all right.

*Gil.*—Intemperance is only a symptom of a disease, not the disease itself; and it is of little use attacking symptoms. Yet this is what has lately been attempted in the laudable endeavour to put down intemperance among the humbler classes. The true plan of procedure would be, to reach the malady which prompts men to consume their earnings in liquor. What is this malady? Ignorance; and, along with that, want of self-respect. Until the working-classes are educated, and improved in their tone of manners, their habits, and their aspirations, we can have little expectation of seeing them abandon dram and beer drinking. Temperance societies must therefore in a great measure alter their proceedings. They must commence a crusade against popular ignorance; insist on the carrying out of broad plans of national education; advance measures of sanitary improvement; and encourage all amusements, literary and otherwise, of a harmless kind.

*Stuke.*—I saw a pamphlet the other day in which the writer—the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, and apparently a well-meaning sort of man—pointed out how advantageous it would be for the working-classes to live in a species of clubs, forty to fifty families in as many apartments, all in one building: the saving of rent, and also by buying everything at wholesale prices, would, he says, be prodigious.

*Gil.*—I have no faith in these projects. They do not sufficiently take the failings and prepossessions of mankind into account. My belief is, that on human nature is stamped the principle of living in independent families. A husband, wife, and children, compose a community perfect in itself; and to seek happiness or prosperity by any other arrangement, is clearly against nature, and must necessarily fail. Some other time, I shall give you a little more of my mind on this momentous subject, if you will have patience to listen to me; meanwhile, as it is getting late, I must bid you good-by.

*Stuke.*—Good-by, Gilaroo, good-by. [*Gilaroo departs.*] A queer fish that; I humour him in his newfangled notions.

#### THE POET'S VOCATION AND POWER.

It is not enough that the poet can gracefully deal with the flowers and the breezes by the wayside; that he can feel and make felt the glories of nature, and weave into his lays the beams of sun, and moon, and stars. These the genuine poet must and will recognise in all their beauty, and appropriate them as costly material in building the house of his fame. He will fashion them into a rainbow that shall span the weeping vale of earth, and make it radiant with the hues of heaven, even when darkest with storms. But this is not enough. Man is the grand work of nature, or rather of God; and it is in man, and his destinies and struggles, that the poet must find his noblest theme. The true vocation of the poet unquestionably is to animate the human race in its progress from barbarism towards virtue and greatness. He is appointed by Providence to arouse to generous exertion, and to console in distress. There is nothing so full of the elements of poetry as the fortunes, and aspirations, and achievements of the vast human family. Its endeavours to escape from the sensual into

the intellectual life; its errors, its failures, its sorrows, and its crimes, all are prolific of poetic and dramatic matter of the intensest interest. To guide and encourage humanity in its arduous but ever-onward career; to assist it to tread down despotism and oppression; to give effect to the tears and groans of the suffering; to trumpet abroad wrong in all its shapes; to whisper into the fainting soul the glorious hopes of a still higher existence—these are, and have ever been, the godlike tasks of the true poet, and therefore has he been styled a prophet and a priest. There never was an age in which the magnificent developments of human genius and intellectual energy, in which, too, the social position of society presented to the mind of the poet such stirring and magnificent themes, as the present. We have advanced, in Europe and America at least, out of the first periods of barbarism and semi-barbarism. Christianity has done a great work upon the earth in establishing as civil and as national principles the grand doctrines of human right, and in opening the general mind to the perception of the fact, that virtue, happiness, and immortality, go hand in hand. We have uttered our judgment against slavery, and war, and priestcraft, and have given deep and incurable wounds to those enemies of the earth's repose, if we have not been yet able utterly to remove them to their true place, amongst the monstrosities which are only matter of memory and of wonder. But we see daily in the mind not merely of private society, and of enlightened men in their writings, but in the mind of nations, and its expression through the press, that the heaven of peace and liberty is fast leavening the whole popular mass in most countries, and will ere long present glorious fruits. The energies which once manifested themselves in war, are now turned into the noble channels of moral investigation and scientific discovery. Steam, electricity, and chemistry, are from day to day luminously revolutionising all our modes of life and manner of thinking. By means of them 'many already run to and fro on the earth, and knowledge is increased.' But still there is a vast mountain of ignorance, of prejudices, and of crime and suffering to remove. The very light which is poured upon us only lays more bare to our astonishment the social evils that have long walked about in the darkness. We see the multitude thronged together in misery, and the few only 'faring sumptuously every day.' With growing knowledge we must have more equable comfort, and means of virtuous and intellectual enjoyment. From factories, and pits, and dense alleys, the weak and young cry out of oppressions that destroy body and soul, and they are the poets with the words of fire and feeling, at the head of preachers, literary and public men, who must be the great prophets of social sympathy, the heralds of justice, and Christian kindness between man and man, if they do not desert their heaven-appointed post. One true word from them goes like an electric flash through all the joints and sinews of society. It is on the great subject of human right and Christian love that they are only great to their possible extent. By this they seize at once on the whole world, and become famous in the same moment that they are the eternal benefactors of their fellow-men. It is not the particular evil which they strike at and destroy, which measures the limits of their beneficence. They propagate a spirit which goes on operating the same moral changes from age to age. By the single poem of 'The Shirt,' Hood acquired more fame than by all the previous labours of twenty years. He became in an instant the poet of the million, and instead of the smile which had illumined the face of jaded luxury at his puns, ten thousand blessings from the hearts of the wronged and afflicted rose up to Heaven on his behalf. What is it that has given to Burns and Ebenezer Elliot such a living place in the souls of the people? It is because, with all their love of nature, they had a still livelier love of man, and gave utterance to those great truths which became, as soon as uttered, the property, the language, and the watchwords of the million in their grand quest after liberty and knowledge.—*Eclectic Review* for December.

#### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—*Jesse's Gleamings*.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

The great alterations in mechanics, the application of chemistry to agriculture, and the unlimited powers of steam, seem to have opened to the people of Great Britain a new, and assuredly no unreal, field of view. Under forms from which the philosopher may turn away, as from empty symbols of material civilisation, the great ideas of an infinite extension of manly power and manly industry have been developed: with the exception of the superficial extent of this little island, every element of society is here in a state of rapid and endless growth. The population almost doubles itself in the course of a man's lifetime. The natural resources of the soil are continually increased by the application of science. What can always be achieved by power, can now be executed with certainty by means of the wonderful natural element which man renders subordinate to his service. In all directions, the walls of the world—the horizon of society—appear on the point of vanishing, and nobody can venture to fix a limit to the exertions or the acts of man in reference to his earthly existence on this planet.—*Augsburg Gazette*.

#### A HAPPY LIFE.

[SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1598—1639.]

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death;  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood;  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

#### DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.

I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.—*Horne*.

#### RECREATIONS.

Let your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful: the use of recreation is to strengthen your labour and sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and the liberality of their Maker.—*Steele*.

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